

**THE STATE SENTINEL**  
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# STATE



# SENTINEL.

SPEAKING WITH THE FREEDOM OF A MAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY]

INDIANAPOLIS,

"CROW CHAPMAN, CROW."

SEPTEMBER 21, 1841. [No. 9.]

[BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.]

Vol. I.]

**DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.**  
A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly, or indirectly by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from an expensive credit system.

No national bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connexion between the Government and banking corporations.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscriptive aid to public education.

creature—and all to mistake a tailor for a genius! It is too bad!

But what's this, with such a fine coat and whiskers, walking through the dance with an air of studied grace and nonchalance? He looks like a city gentleman."

"And that is?" said a person beside me, "Doctor Legrand, from the city of C."

"Doctor Legrand, from the city of C. Doctor Legrand! Why, sir, I have lived there all my life, and never before heard of Doctor Legrand. He may be a new comer; let me look at him!"

I spoke. Doctor Legrand from the city of C. turned towards me, and in spite of the disguise of blue whiskers and pair of gold rimmed spectacles, I discovered the face of the most noted blackleg of the C. had ever known. Not satisfied with the importance conferred by whiskers, fine clothes, spectacles, half a dozen gold seals, &c., he must have more strength by clutching himself Doctor!

"A poor doctor he is! Why, sir, he's a blushing, a knave, a swindler!"

"What's that you say, *stranger*?" ejaculated a raw-boned six-footer at my elbow; isn't that a fellow no doctor he is now, and nothing but a Natchez blackleg?"

"He is not a doctor any more than you, and is a blackleg!"

"Well now," continued the affable six-footer, "that does beat Jim Duncan. But I tell you what, stranger, he's a chopper on the wrong log now; if next I wish it I may never find another again."

"He's a riding horse, wrong this time, by helley!" said a jockey from behind.

For a moment I felt for him, for I well knew that life changes for money was small; but my city pride was effusively roused, and I looked for the result with interest.

The dancing room was now startled by the loud tones of the six-footer, who after considerable maneuvering, was enabled to get Doctor Legrand within the reach of his arm.

"I say, my lark!" thundered he, reaching over and grasping the unmeaning object of his anger, in the midst of a piston wing (which he was executing to show them that he could dance,) and drawing him with a kind of bear's hug out of the reel. "I say, my lark, aren't you a doctor?"

At this startling query, and no less startling manner in pronouncing it, the music, dancing and conversation instantly ceased, and the room was as silent as though it had been empty.

Doctor Legrand, from the city of C., somewhat thrown off his guard, looked at his conqueror in unfeigned astonishment; but, in a moment, recollecting himself, his expression changed to one of extreme anger and contempt. His whole frame quivered with rage, as he exclaimed,

"Even the unluckiest speculator, a set of men for whose misfortunes we are sincerely sorry, though their case is much beyond relief as a hole in the ground beyond the hills, are beginning to suspect that a national bank is to be noised about for them."

"Well now," said the impudent six-footer, with a cormorant's mouth sort of expression in his eyes, "you needn't think you're gonna to bully any body hereabouts, for you ain't; but if you are a real doctor, let it out and—"

"Let me go!" screamed the blacklegged blarney; "let me go, you rascal! I'll have satisfaction for the insult!"

"Plat you shall!" quoth mine host, who, having been informed of the imposture, now entered the room: "Here, Harry—Bill—saddle that big sorrel horse, and bring him out!"

This was the knell of the doctor, who now submitted to whatever might come.

By this time the ball room presented a scene of indecorous confusion. The gentlemen had all collected round the *sat down* doctor; while those ladies who had remained through curiosity, fled from a scene not likely to be much to their taste.

But here comes a couple, in every respect the antithesis of the other. The male is about three feet, and the woman is six at least. I do wish the people would match themselves more often. I can't conceive why a duck should set up to dance a *pas* with a crane, or a mouse with a dormouse. Now, I am by no means so thin as she is, and all, and as to hearing him if he could speak—don't dream of such a thing. Unlike the long-tail subjects we have just dismissed, as he has more than a modicum of movement, and gets together very like a sparrow's or kangaroo's tail. He dances up in a heap, while that type of long-tail, his partner, jumps almost as high as his head, and just now lit on his toes to his huge discomfiture. They ought to be sent to "Bachelder Elysium," and forced to dance together eternally.

But here comes a couple, finding nothing to be gained by blustering, tried the effect of an appeal to the generosity of his hearers; but only such responses as,

"Far and feather him!" from one.

"Rule him on a rail!" from another; while a third exclaimed,

"Give him forty says one!"

"Ay, a little dangerous extract of hickory, which is synonymous, is generally beneficial!" echoed a pedagogue from behind.

"Mark him with two slits and a cross!" echoed the dealer in park.

"Nock him!" ejaculated the jockey on a high key.

"String him up under the second section!" quoted a militia captain.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" cried a whole hog man, merging his rosentment in devotion to the Hero.

At this moment Bill popped his greasy face in at the door, with,

"Be loose ready for dr. doctor!" mixing up the emphasis on the fatal title with a half smothered howl.

"Doctor Legrand," said the landlord, "your horse is at the style."

"But, my dear sir, you certainly will not turn me out of doors in such a night as this! it is raining in torrents!"

"Och! that'll drown your bark!" replied the six-footer, as he hurried him to the door. They were followed by the company with such jeers as,

"I reckon he won't possess doctor agin' to the suit, where the doctor's Bungabulus was already in waiting. He was about to mount, and, indeed, was half way on his seat, when the militiaman, with the coolness of a warrior, dragged him down, determined, as he said, that no rascals of military ether should be injured in his presence.

"I say, my friend," said he with ludicrous gravity, "you're no soldier; or you'd know as how you fight eternally to retreat face to the enemy!"

With this solidly counseled, the captain lifted him to the saddle, as he turned it, in *reversed* order, that is, with his back to the horse's head. The captain then draw a roll of stout cord from his "flogging cap," made of coon skins with the tail pointing from behind, and proceeded deliberately to fasten the feet of Doctor Legrand, from the city of C., under his horse. As he stepped back from the completion of the job, the jockey at the top of his voice, at the same time extorting his whip,

"Clear the track—the rider's mounted!" which was instantly followed by the captain,

"Attention the whole! Quick time—forward march!"

As the last word was uttered, the jockey brought his whip with a loud crack on the flanks of the doctor's steed!—the company set up a shout which was joined by the gobble-obbie-obbie of a veteran turkey over-head; the horse sprang furiously into the road, and the clatter of his hoofs was soon lost in the distance!

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—We observe in a London paper that Coates, the pedestrian, completed his Herculean task of 1,000 half miles in 1,000 hours. Thefeat was performed in the Green Hills Garden, Norwich, and doubles the labor of Captain Barclay's celebrated match.

"Ay," was the laconic answer.

"I was sure of it! sure of it! I've heard Tom! Don't you believe in Lavater now? There's no doubt about it. I never was mistaken in my life!"

"He, sir, continued the person I had interrogated, "is the very genious of village tailors; but I suspect he never soars on any wings but his goose's, and is not accused of piercing with any thing but his needle!"

"I was thunderstruck!

"A tailor! a cobbler of clothes! Oh! impossible! utterly impossible!"

I wished the tailor's goose down the fellow's throat, the pedestrian, the pedestrian, completed his Herculean task of 1,000 half miles in 1,000 hours. The feat was performed in the Green Hills Garden, Norwich, and doubles the labor of Captain Barclay's celebrated match.

*From the New York Evening Post.*

Two whigs met the other day on "Change, one a Pearl street merchant, and the other a person who had extensive dealings in exchanges. Both were of opinion that a national bank was much wanted by the country, but they had very different grounds for their opinion.

The dealer in exchanges told the denizen of Pearl street that the merchants needed the bank to supply them with accommodations; that they wanted larger credits, more liberal discounts, simpler facilities for carrying on their business; and these a national bank would set them on their feet again.

"No," replied the merchant, "it is not for that purpose that the country wants a national bank; we have credit enough with the local banks; money is plenty, and good notes are readily discounted; if more credit were given, it would only prove a mischief." Nor is it not for the sake of granting accommodations to the merchants that a bank is needed, but for the sake of creating a uniform rate of exchange between different parts of the country."

"Allow me," replied the person who had first spoken, "to allow me, sir, to tell you that this notion about the uniform rate of exchange is an illusion.

The actual price of exchanges between different countries and different parts of the same country must fluctuate with the course of trade, and ought to be allowed to fluctuate, without any attempt to produce an artificial uniformity. The high and low rate of exchange is what equalizes the inequalities of trade. Exchange may always end at what it is worth; and so far as a national bank adopts a system of setting its deuce or cheaper than its actual value, it does harm, because it conceals the true condition of trade from the merchant, who must consequently do business blindfold and without understanding where he is in danger.

This is the report of an usual conversation which took place, and it is a sample of the discordant opinions which prevail in the whig ranks on the subject of a national bank. The members of that party have been told by their leaders that the country needs a bank, and many of them believed, though they are pledged to tell wry, that the bill had abandoned the whig party on this floor. But, as far as I can learn, he did not do everything he could do to sustain the whig party. It was only this morning that one of the whig papers said that he had abandoned the whig party on this floor. It was not true; he had been zealous in the cause; and did not vote for all the appropriations which had been asked for it. Had he not done every thing he could do to sustain the whig party?

It was only this morning that the bill had been voted for the land bill, and did he not vote for the house squadron bill, and did he not vote for the land bill?

He had no right to do the land bill, and did he not vote for the house squadron bill, and did he not vote for the land bill?

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GEORGE H. PROFITT.

We published as much as we could make room for yesterday, of the Boys Debate—a curious reciprocation of threats, explanations, fury, fire and bluster. We enjoin from a spirited report of the N. Y. Herald, Mr. Pauper's reply to STANLEY's invitation to "come back to the Whig ranks." Mr. Pauper shows his scars and fights his Tippecanoe battles over again with a sort of sad contumaciousness as if he had lately come to entertain strange doubts whether the crowd had proved to be worth the candle.

*Charleston Mercury.*

Mr. Profitt intended to give a silent vote. He laid light on the e-tables of the House, and determined to be a good wing, and not enter into a debate about men who were before us before we were before the committee. He intended to vote for this bill for the removal of contractors.

Not that the country wants a national bank; but that the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Stanley) had invited him to return. Now, he would tell the gentleman that he did not approve of the bill which was imposed on a measure of so much importance to the bank bill, and the consumption of three or four days in sowing individuals.

He would tell him also that he should like some gentleman to say where he had departed from the wing ranks.

On the fourth of September, he delivered a speech on this floor, for which he had been denounced by the Boys Debate—

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